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Sacred melodies

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P R E F A C E .

The wish has been repeatedly expressed, to have in a compact and convenient form a collection of Hymns, suited at once to all the forms of social worship, and composed of such metrical compositions only as, in respect to sentiment and expression, possess acknowledged excellence. Simply to meet this demand is the object of the present compilation.

The merit of the selections as mediums of praise, has been determined by the sanction of judicious *popular use*. But few are adopted not proved by this just ordeal. Hence, in the *Conference* room, and in *Revival* seasons, much in this work will be quickly recognized, and the rest made welcome, it is hoped, on the ground of similar excellencies.

Since every Christian, old and young, is

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Sa
PREFACE.

supposed to be connected with the *Sabbath School*, or otherwise interested in the religious education of youth, a more than usual variety will be found under that department. Similar pains has been taken to meet the wants of the *Monthly Concert for Missions*, and other *occasional* gatherings for the expression and culture of pious and philanthropic feeling.

The aim has been, by a special regard to variety, brevity, and adaptation to times and occasions, to put into print only what might be serviceable, and at the same time accessible to the many. Should these humble pretensions be allowed, and the approbation already spoken, be generally concurred in, it will be some compensation for much unappreciated labor.

S. B. S.

Worcester, January, 1843.

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SACRED MELODIES.

I. ADORATION.

1

L. M.

Praise to the Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King,
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

2

C. M.

Wisdom of God.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and
And heaven's high palace ring. [seas,
2 Thy hand—how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.
3 Almighty power, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.
4 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Savior's face,
And we adore his love.

3

C. M.

Omniscience.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;

My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

4 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

4

C. M.

Providence.

1 God moves in ways of mystery,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 But, fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5, 6 SACRED MELODIES.

5 H. M.

God our Preserver.

1 To God I lift mine eyes,
From him is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;

God is the tower | His grace is nigh.
To which I fly: | In every hour

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.

Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep,
That never sleep, | When dangers rise..

3 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord

To keep my mortal breath:

I'll go and come, | Till from on high,
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home..

6 7s.

Divine Goodness in Creation.

1 Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance;
All around and all above
Hath this record—God is love..

ADORATION.

7

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and by the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred,
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—God is love.

7

C. M.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

4 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

8, 9 SACRED MELODIES.

8

S. M.

Compassion of God.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name;
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

9

L. M.

God's Sovereignty.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray—
He brought us to his fold again. [ed,
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

10

8, 7.

Universal Praise.

- 1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father! Source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

11 SACRED MELODIES.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

11 C. M.

God revealed in the Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines!

2 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound!

4 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

12

C. M.

- 1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power, and truth, and boundless
Display thy glories here. [love,
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 It is the lustre of thy grace
Our warmest thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brightest rays,
And high exalts our joys.

13

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motion speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

14 SACRED MELODIES.

3 But in the gospel's wondrous scheme
To save rebellious worms,
Both justice and compassion join,
In their divinest forms.

4 Here the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

CHRIST.

14 11, 10.

The Nativity of Jesus.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us
thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is
laid.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are
shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the
stall;

Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,

Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

15

C. M.

Advent and Reign of the Messiah.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:

Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

16, 17 SACRED MELODIES.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

16

L. M.

The Example of Jesus.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life thy law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my
name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

17

L. M.

1 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

- 2 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 3 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
O, if we love the Savior's name,
Let his divine example move.

HOLY SPIRIT.

18

S. M.

Divine Influence invoked.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense!
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

19, 20 SACRED MELODIES.

19

L. M.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward
strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
length

Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

20

8, 7.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Praise the mount, O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love.
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

21 7s.

1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
 Shine upon this heart of mine;
 Chase the shades of night away,
 Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
 Long has sin, without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Spirit, all divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down every idol throne,
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

22 C. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys!
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,
 To reach eternal joys.

23, 24 SACRED MELODIES.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
In this poor dying state,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours..

23

L. M.

1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, 'Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way!

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail; [gale.'
Thou, thou, must breathe the auspicious

24

S. M.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.
- 4 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

25

7, 6.

- 1 BLESSED Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my sin and fear depart,
And within me deign to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.
- 2 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee;
Make me choose the better part;
Oh, do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

II. CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

26

C. M.

Electing Love.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
'Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 3 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room ?
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come !
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the
That gently drew us in ; [feast
Else, we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

27

C. M.

Condescension of Christ.

- 1 How condescending and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

28

C. M.

- PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw—and—oh, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
 - 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

29, 30 SACRED MELODIES.

4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills:
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

29

L. M.

Suffering of Christ.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, God, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

30

7s.

- 1 WOULD you win a soul to God,
Tell him of the Savior's blood;
Say, how his compassion moves,
Tell him of redeeming love.

2 Tell him how he suffered death,
Freely yielded up his breath,
Died and rose to intercede,
As our Advocate, and Head.

3 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Wrought on you to seek his face;
Made you choose the better part,—
Brought salvation to your heart.

4 Tell him of that liberty,
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,
Earnest of the joys of Heaven.

31 C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Savior bleed!
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

32, 33 SACRED MELODIES.

32

S. M.

Efficacy of the Atonement.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 By faith I lay my hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
For all her guilt was there.

33

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave—
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

34

8, 7, 4.

Calvary.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and veils the sky.
‘It is finished!’
Hear the dying Savior cry!

2 ‘It is finished!’—oh, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
‘It is finished!’
Saints, the dying words record!

35, 36 SACRED MELODIES.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

35

8, 7.

Rejoicing before the Cross.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know.

36

7s.

Praise for Redemption.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!

Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

3 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

3 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

37**L. M.**

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 HE dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!

A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Ye saints, approach! his anguish view!
He groaned beneath your heavy load,
He gave his precious life for you,
For you he shed his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

38, 39 SACRED MELODIES.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

38

7s.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb!
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Savior rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

39

C. M.

Hope by the Resurrection.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

- 3 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.
- 4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

41

C. M.

Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD new glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with
blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

41, 42 SACRED MELODIES.

41

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

42

L. M.

Intercession of Christ.

- 1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

- 2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands;
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!
- 3 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

43

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;

44, 45 SACRED MELODIES.

And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his anger by.

44

H. M.

Justification.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

3 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

45

8s.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified Lord
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood ;

- 'Tis faith that still leads us along,
And lives under pressure and load,
That makes us in weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.
- 2 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair;
And oh! let us wonder to tell,
It wrestles and conquers by prayer;
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.

46

S. M.

Adoption.

- 1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

47 SACRED MELODIES. 1

4 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

47 7s.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:

With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them, &c.

3 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them, &c.

4 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are filled;
They are by his Spirit sealed.
With them, &c.

III. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

48

L. M.

Invitations to Christ.

1 COME to the living waters, come:
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my favor free to all.

2 See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, thirsty, fainting souls.

3 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind,
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

49

8 & 7.

1 COME ye sinners—poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able—
He is willing—doubt no more.

- 2 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! the Savior prostrate lies!
On the bloody cross behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies—
‘It is finished!’
Heaven’s atoning sacrifice!
- 3 Lo! th’ incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him—venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus—
Can do helpless sinners good.

50

6s.

- 1 THE voice of free grace, cries
Escape to the mountain,
For Adam’s lost race, CHRIST
Has opened a fountain.
For sin, and transgression,
And every pollution,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

- Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has brought us a pardon;
We’ll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To the Savior repair,

Now he calls you in mercy—
And can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased
As high as the mountain,
His blood can remove them—
It flows from the fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our King,
Reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell,
He is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it—
Oh trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely—
Oh precious salvation!

51

7s.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body—mangled—rent,
Covered with a gore of blood.
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th' eternal Son.

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear.
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue your Lord,
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No, with all my sins I'll part,
Savior, take my broken heart.

52

S, 7, 4.

Sinners warned and entreated.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above!
Every sentence—O how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To repenting sinners, 'Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name.'
How refreshing!
Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor,
Fearful hearts, they quench your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

53

7s.

1 SINNERS, turn—why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you, with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die ?
God, your Savior, asks you why:•
He who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that ye might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why—ye ransomed sinners—why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

4 Sinners, turn—why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woodyou to embrace his love;—

5 Will ye not his grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
Oh! why, ye dying sinners, why—
Why will ye forever die ?

54

7s.

The accepted Time.

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

55

7s.

Danger of Delay.

1 HASTE, O sinner—now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise—
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste—and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner—now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner—now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

56

L. M.

Life the only Probation.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Insure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

57

S. M.

The only Way to Heaven.

1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

3 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford!
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

58, 59 SACRED MELODIES.

58

L. M.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed *almost* a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

59

C. M.

The Sinner repenting.

- 1 AND is this life prolonged to me?
Are days and seasons given?
Oh, let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.
- 2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offered grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3 Oh cleanse my soul from every sin
By my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honors of my God.

4 On earth let my example shine,
And, when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss supremely great.

60

L. M.

Pleading for Pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My crimes, tho' great, do not surpass,
The power and glory of thy grace:
Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean.

4 Oh save a trembling sinner, Lord!
My hope still hovering round thy word,
Will fix on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

61, 62 SACRED MELODIES.

61

7s.

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Yet how great his mercies are!
Me he still delights to spare;
Cries—‘How shall I give thee up?’
Let the lifted thunder drop.

4 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

62

S. M.

1 FORGIVE my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Oh bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thine incarnate Son.

2 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

3 The burden which I feel
Thou only canst remove;
Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
And thine unbounded love.

4 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast:
Oh! let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

63

C. M.

Fleeing to Jesus.

1 I'LL go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

2 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

3 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

4 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

64, 65 SACRED MELODIES.

64

C. M.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A helpless sinner lies;
Yet upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes..
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.
- 4 I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive;
Thy justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

65

S. M.

1. DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our tears be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears—
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears—for thee.

3 He wept—that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;—
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

66

6, 5.

Submission to Christ:

1 O JESUS, my Savior,
To thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving,
Fall down at thy feet;
In sacrifice offer
My soul, flesh, and blood.
Thou art my Redeemer,
My LORD and my God.

2 I'm happy, I'm happy,
O, wondrous account!
My joys are immortal,
I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure,
And long to be there,
With JESUS and angels,
My kindred so dear.

3 O JESUS, my Savior,
With thee I am blest,
My life and salvation,
My joy and my rest;
Thy name be my theme,
And thy love be my song;
Thy grace shall inspire
My heart and my tongue.

67, 68 SACRED MELODIES.

67 8, 7, 4.

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near:
Shout! O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

68 C. M.

Rejoicing in Hope.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

69

, 6, 9.

1 O How happy are they,
 Who their Savior obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above!
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
 I had found in the blood of the Lamb;
 When at first I believed,
 What true joy I received,
 What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3 'Twas a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know;
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet
 And the story repeat,
 And the Savior of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song;
 O that all his salvation might see!
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

70

L. M.

Professing Religion.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee—whom angels praise?
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus?—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No!—when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus?—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
No fears to quell—no soul to save!

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain!
And oh! may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

71

C. M.

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let faith, and hope, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

72

C. M.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
He will not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the appointed hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before the Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Secure my soul a place.

73

8s.

Self-Consecration.

- 1 O JESUS, delight of my soul,
My Savior, my Shepherd divine;
I yield to thy blessed control;—
My body and spirit are thine.
Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

2 How can I thy goodness repay,
 By nature so weak and defiled?
 Myself I have given away;
 Adopt me, O Lord, as thy child.
 And art thou, my Father, above?
 Will Jesus abide in my heart?
 Oh bind me so fast with thy love,
 That I never from thee shall depart.

74

7s.

Choosing God's People.

1 PEOPLE of the living God!
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort no where found:
 Now to you my spirit turns,—
 Turns a wanderer yet unblest;
 Brethren! where your altar burns,
 O receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave:
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth can fill my heart no more,
 Every idol I resign.

75

C. M.

Divine Grace adored.

- 1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound;
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

76

S. M.

- 1 GRACE!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

77, 78 SACRED MELODIES.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

77

L. M.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
You had well nigh conveyed me there.
3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine
O for the pinions of a dove, [eyes;
To bear me to the upper skies!

78

L. M.

1 No more, my God—I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I had before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes—and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh! may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

79

C. M.

Delight in God.

- 1 My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights,—
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun,
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.

80

L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Savior speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was
dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

81

7s.

Lovest thou Me?

1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
True and faithful, strong as death.

4 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

82

C. M.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?—
Behold my heart and see:
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?

Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Savior's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?

83, 84 SACRED MELODIES.

Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Thou knowest I love thee, O my Lord,
But yet I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

83

C. M.

1 THE Savior! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.

3 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine—
I cannot wish for more!

4 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all!

84

L. M.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

3 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

85

C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Whate'er my noblest powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

86

C. M.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My ALL IN ALL, I pray.
- 3 Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn:
Chosen of thee, ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.
- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign:
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

87

5, 6.

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our king.

4 Then let us adore,
 And give him his right;
 All glory and power,
 And wisdom and might;
 All honor and blessing,
 With angels above;
 And thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite love.

88

C. M.

Jesus Lord of all.

1 ALL hail, the great Immanuel's name!
 Let angels prostrate fall:
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred—every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

89

6, 4.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done,
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
' Worthy the Lamb!'
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears:
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
' Worthy the Lamb!'
- 3 Hark—how the choirs above,
Filled with the Savior's love,
Dwell on his name!—
There too may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
' Worthy the Lamb!'

90

S. M.

Earnest of Heaven.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly king
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields |
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching to Immanuel's ground
In fairer worlds on high.

91

C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies;
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Yet I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

92

L. M.

Following Christ.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon!
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment:
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not:
My grief, and burden, long has been,
Because I would not cease from sin.
- 4 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, 'Behold the way to God!'

93

6s.

The Martyrs.

1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be washed,
And gathered at the last;—
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God!

2 Jesus hath now received
Their latest living breath—
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death.
Still—still—though dead, they speak,
And trumpet-tongued proclaim,
To every wakening land,
The *One* availing NAME!

94

C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above—how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 Our gracious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

95

C. M.

1 RISE, O my soul—pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's availing blood,
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heaven.

96

7s.

Piety and benevolence.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined.
- 2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wound, or feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.
- 4 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

97

S. M.

Christian Love and Union.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

98

8s.

- 1 From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love!
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And JESUS' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love;

Where JESUS is gone we shall be,
In yonder bright mansions above.

4 With JESUS we ever shall reign;
We all his bright glories shall see,
And sing Hallelujah, Amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

99

8, 7, 4.

Hoping in trouble.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer—
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Oh, that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above.
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

100, 101 SACRED MELODIES.

100

S. M.

- 1 Mine eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord:
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.
- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul:
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

101

8, 7, 4.

Trusting in God.

- I GENTLY, Lord, Oh! gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears,
And, oh Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh! refresh us—
Oh! refresh us with thy grace.

- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Though distresses now attend us,
And we tread the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend us;
Soon he'll bring us home to God!
Where we'll praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

102

S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our rest above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things—nor things to come,
Shall quench this spark divine,
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then will we trust our gracious God,
And rest upon his name.

103, 104 SACRED MELODIES.

103

8s.

- 1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine.
- 2 Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 3 Shine, Lord ! and my terror shall cease :
The blood of atonement apply :
And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
The rock that is higher than I !
- 4 Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower,
Come, succor and gladden my heart:
Let this be the day of thy power.

104

L. M.

Strength equal to the day.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I stand the trying day ?
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 When called to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,—
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 When ghastly death appears in view.
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set our spirit free;
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

105

C. M.

1 O THOU, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 O! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows
bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

106, 107 SACRED MELODIES.

106 L. P. M.

1 PEACE, humbled soul, whose plaintive
moan

Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo;
Cease thy complaint—suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburthen here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God;
Thy God's thy Savior—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

107 11, 10.

1 Come ye disconsolate, where'er you
languish,

Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish—

Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot
heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the
straying,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the comforter, in mercy say-
ing,

Earth has no sorrows that Heaven can-
not cure.

3 Here see the tree of life—see waters
 flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure
 from above;
 Come to the mercy-seat—come, ever
 knowing
 Earth has no sorrows but heaven can
 remove.

108

7s.

The only Refuge.

1 JESUS, Savior of the soul,
 Let us to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,—
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide us, O our Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive our souls at last.

2 Other refuge have we none,—
 Hanging helpless still on thee;
 Leave, oh! leave us not alone,
 Still our stay and comfort be:
 All our trust on thee is stayed,
 All our help from thee we bring:
 Cover our defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

109, 110 SACRED MELODIES.

109 C. P. M.

1 O THOU, that hear'st the prayer of
faith,

Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee ?

I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

2 Lord, save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:

By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
'Thy Maker is thy friend.'

3 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:

Unstayed by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

110 S. M.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

- 2 O lead me to the Rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
 Forever I'll abide;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear thy name;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

111

5s.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief,
 My Savior is near,
 And for my relief
 Will surely appear:
 Though cisterns be broken,
 And creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken
 Shall surely prevail.
- 2 His love, in time past,
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink;
 Each sweet Ebenezer
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To help me quite through.

3 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song.

112

C. M.

Christ dwelling in his People:

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

113

8, 7.

1 LOVE divine, all love excell'g,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love, thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy light receive!
Suddenly return—and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

114

8, 7, 4.

The Pilgrim's Prayer.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

115 SACRED MELODIES.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

115

P. M.

The Pilgrim's joy.

- 1 How happy is the Pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A dwelling in the skies.

116

7s.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

117

7, 6.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.

Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove:

Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

118 SACRED MELODIES.

2 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Savior will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

118 C. M.

Holy Resolution.

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue,
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my IMMANUEL's land.
- 4 And when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

119

7s.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end;
Forward! then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your father calls—*Come home.*

2 Of all the foes we daily meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
CHRIST will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*

120

C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

121 SACRED MELODIES.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

121 C. M.

The Christian Warfare.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause?
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight—if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil—endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they're slain:
They see the triumph from afar,
And soon with Christ shall reign.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of glory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

122

7, 6.

1 SOLDIERS of the cross, arise,
Lo! your Leader from the skies
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.

Seize your armor—gird it on—
The battle's yours, it will be won,
'Tho' fierce the strife, 'twill soon be done,
Then struggle manfully.

2 Onward, then, ye hosts of God,
Jesus points the victor's rod,
Follow where your leader trod,
You cannot lose the cause.
Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell,
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.

123

7s.

Benefit of trials.

1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Savior's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:

124 SACRED MELODIES.

Trials must and will befall;
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer:
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

124 6, 5.

1 WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose;
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,—
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river!
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever!
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill;
And fears of parting chill—
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
 Take me, dear Savior!
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever!
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell;
 And time our joys dispel—
 Never—no, never!

125

8s.

The best Friend.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly—free—and knows no end.
 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could, or would have shed his blood?
 But this Savior died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
 FRIEND OF SINNERS was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a friend we have above.

126, 127 SACRED MELODIES.

126

7s.

Christ the only refuge.

1 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of fear and sin the cure,—
Save me Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Only to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds on high,
Still be this my humble cry—
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

127

L. M.

Loving kindness.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,—
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw thee ruined by the fall,
Yet loved thee in thy dreadful thrall;
He saved thee from thy lost estate,—
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Soon I must pass the darksome vale,
And when my mortal powers shall fail,
O let my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

4 And when my spirit soars away,
To brighter worlds of endless day,
I'll sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

128

L. M.

Remembering Christ.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore:
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget *Him* not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with
grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou then, with sin beset,
Such matchless charms and worth forget?

129, 130 SACRED MELODIES.

4 Oh! no—till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

129

C. M.

Living to Christ.

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for thee—
Its sure support—its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.
- 3 'Tis to my Savior I would live;
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love—his glorious power.

130

8s.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
The woodlands, the fields, and the flowers
Have lost all their sweetness to me!

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And softer than music his voice:
His presence can banish my gloom,
And bid all within me rejoice.
- 3 Dear Lord! if indeed thou art mine,
And thou art my sun and my song;
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
- 4 O drive these dull clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or bid me soar upward on high,
Where winter and storms are no more.

131

S. M.

Preserving grace.

- 1 To God, the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all that dwell below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 He will present the saints
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 3 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the triumph of his grace,
And make his glories known.

IV. CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

132

C. M.

Secret devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

133

7, 6.

Invitation to prayer.

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
The dear Redeemer's name.

134

L. M.

Meditation.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why shall my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

135

C. M.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

136

7s.

Self-examination.

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the LORD, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Savior's love?

4 LORD, decide the doubtful case!
Thou art all thy people's Sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

137

C. M.

Morning praise.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
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The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

138 SACRED MELODIES.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

138 C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Oft to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

139

L. M.

Evening devotion.

- 1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus when the night of death shall
come,
My dust shall sleep beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

140

S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

141, 142 SACRED MELODIES.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 Lord, when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Oh may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

141

L. M.

1 GLORY, to thee my God this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The sin which I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, to sing thy love.

142

C. M.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But, oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

143

7s.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care—from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

144, 145 SACRED MELODIES.

144 S. M.

- 1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

145 L. M.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

146

L. M.

Family Devotion.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

3 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name!
While pleased and thankful we remove,
To join the family above.

147

C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

148, 149 SACRED MELODIES.

4 And wilt thou turn our roving feet,
And wilt thou bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

148 C. M.

1 HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven:
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.

O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

149 7s.

1 LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick—the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

150

L. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
Come thou and fill this humble place,
And bless us with a large increase.

151, 152 SACRED MELODIES.

151

L. M.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

152

L. M.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy seat,
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
It makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 It makes the Christian's armor bright:
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath now vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'

153

S. M.

Delight in Worship.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

3 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blessed abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

154,155 SACRED MELODIES.

154

7s.

1 SWEET the time—exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Savior is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world—and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature, and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love:
With our wretched hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Savior near.

155

L. M.

1 FAR from my mind, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Savior see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Oh! warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

156

S. M.

Morning Prayer Meeting.

1 How sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 May breezes waft our cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
O Savior, listen to our sighs,
And send thy blessing down.

157

7s.

1 LORD, 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
O, 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pardoning grace is known;
Here, we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

158, 159 SACRED MELODIES.

4 Savior, may these meetings prove
Preparations from above;
Sweeter far that state must be
Where we praise eternally.

158

C. M.

1 I LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

4 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power;
But soon in heaven I hope to view
And praise thee evermore.

159

C. M.

Lord's Day Morning!

1 COME, let us join with sweet accord
In hymns around the throne:
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
Was crucified and slain!
Behold the tomb its prey restores!
Behold he lives again!

160 S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amid the place
Where God, my Savior, 's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

161, 162 SACRED MELODIES.

161

L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall fill my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 Soon shall I hear, and see, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy.

162

7s.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 Here we come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

163 L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies.

2 This heavenly calm within the breast!
The dearest pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares—the end of pains.

3 With joy, great God, thy works we
view,

In varied scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

4 In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

164 L. M.

Sabbath Evening.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

165

L. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Savior's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?—
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

4 Oh, happy period!—glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, their raptured lay
To celebrate thy praise.

V. CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE.

166

S. M.

Love to Zion.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion—solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as the truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

167, 168 SACRED MELODIES.

167

C. M.

Communion with Saints above.

- 1 COME let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wing of love,
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 Dear Savior, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

168

C. M.

Quickening Grace.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord;
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find a cheerless void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

169

C. M.

Revival desired

1 RETURN, oh blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

2 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

3 Oh Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

167, 168 SACRED MELODIES.

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My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

170, 171 SACRED MELODIES.

170

8, 7.

1 SAVIOR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Once thy garden did not wither;
Every heart looked gay and green;
Gracious Savior! hasten thither—
Thou canst make it bloom again.

3 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

4 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
In each one esteemed thy servant,
Now begin thy work afresh.

171

7s.

Revival enjoyed.

1 'GIVE us room, that we may dwell,'
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers—how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!

2 Oh how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night:
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
 God himself will be thy light:
 All that caused thee grief before,
 Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine!
 Lo! thy light from heaven is come!
 These that crowd from far are thine;
 Give thy sons and daughters room.

172 P. M.

1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us,
 Are opening every hour;
 Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not, till all the holy,
Proclaim the Lord has come.

173

7s.

- 1 FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are—
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.
- 2 Lo, thy church, thy garden now,
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower!
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow:
Mild, yet mighty, is thy power.
- 3 God of grace, before thy throne
Here our warmest thanks we bring;
Thine the glory—thine alone:
Loudest praise to thee we sing.
- 4 Hear, O hear, our grateful song;
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.

174

C. M.

Receiving Members.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Oh come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Savior does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove;
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
With mutual joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
Till met around the heavenly throne.

175

S. M.

The Christian Ministry.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

- 2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
And died without the sight.
- 3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

176

S, 7, 4.

A Blessing implored.

- 1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak—the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 Help us all to seek the blessing
Which thou waitest now to give,
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

MISSIONS.

177

7, 5.

The Macedonian Cry.

1 HARK! what cry arrests my ear?
Hark! what accents of despair!
'Tis the heathen's dying prayer;
Friends of Jesus, hear.

2 Afric bends her suppliant knee,
Asia spreads her hands to thee,
Hark! *all* urge the heaven-born plea,
Jesus died for all.

3 Men of God, to you we cry,
Rests on you our tearful eye;—
Help us, Christians, or we die,—
Die in dark despair!

4 Hasten, Christians, *haste* to save,
O'er the land, and o'er the wave,
Dangers, death, and distance brave—
Hark! for help they call.

5 See! the pagan altars fall,
See! the Savior reigns o'er all!
Crown him! Crown him! Lord of all!
Echoes round the poles.

178

P. M.

The Missionary Call.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

The Response.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

179

C. M.

1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy power and glory shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Oh when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
A temple to thy praise.

180, 181 SACRED MELODIES.

180

8, 7.

- 1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
'Come and help us, or we die!'
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining—
Christians, hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, ere they die.

181

8, 7, 4.

- 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul—be still, and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace!
Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn!
- 2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day!
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer—never cease!
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around!

182

P. M.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And HIM who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

183

7s.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power!

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
'Christ, of lords and kings is King!'
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns forevermore!

184, 185 SACRED MELODIES.

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice ;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
' Jesus is the King of kings!'

184 L. M.

Prospects of Success.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And heathen voices shall proclaim
Their richest blessings on his name.

4 Then all the earth shall rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

185 H. M.

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold!
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 Oh haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
Oh may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

3 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign:
Behold the nations wait
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

186 H. M.

1 RISE, Sun of glory—rise!
And chase those shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide thy sacred light:
Oh chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright millennial day!

2 Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word;
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

187, 188 SACRED MELODIES.

187 8, 7, 4.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the rising ray;
When the Lord appears, with reason
We expect a glorious day;
At his presence
Gloom and darkness fly away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring;
While he enters like a flood;
God, the Savior, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

188 7s.

1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home,
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

189 8, 7, 4.

Missionary's Farew ll.

- 1 Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well,
Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

- 3 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I loved so well!
 Far away, ye billows, bear me;
 Lovely native land, farewell!
 Pleased I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 4 In the deserts let me labor,
 On the mountains let me tell,
 How he died—the blessed Savior—
 To redeem a world from hell!
 Glad I bid thee,
 Native land!—*Farewell—Farewell!*

190

H. M.

The Jubilee.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound;
 The year of Jubilee has come,—
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim:
 The year—
- 3 Ye who have sold for naught
 The heritage above;
 Come, take it back, unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love:
 The year—

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:
The year—

191 C. M.

- 1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.
- 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
A blooming paradise.
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.
- 4 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.
- 5 Amen—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen—with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

192, 193 SACRED MELODIES.

192

L. M.

1 O FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom, built on love and grace!
In every nation give it room,
In every heart afford it place:
The earth is thine—set up thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as thine own.

2 Still nature's awful darkness reigns,
And sinners scorn thy holy fear;
Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
Where'er thy messengers appear:
Rise, gracious God, in love, and bless
All nations with thy righteousness.

193

7s.

1 LORD of worlds! display thy power,
Now is Zion's favored hour:
Bid the morning-star arise,
Point the heathen to the skies.

2 Fix thy throne where Satan reigns,
In the valleys—on the plains;
Far let Jesus' name be known;
Make the universe thine own.

3 Speak!—the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak!—the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter gloom of heathen night,
Bid all nations hail the light.

194

L. M.

Final Triumph desired.

1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones, and powers, and people be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains;
But over all the Savior reigns!

195

C. M.

Latter Day Glory.

1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise—
Above the summits of the hills—
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
'Up to the mount of God,' they say,
'And to his house we'll go.'

3 The beams which shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

196, 197 SACRED MELODIES.

196

L. M.

- 1 Arise! arise!—with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:
Already is the dawn begun,
Which marks at hand a rising sun!
- 2 The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store:
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

197

S, 7, 4.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasted triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest;
All thy conflicts
End in an eternal rest.

198

C. M.

Pleading the Promises.

- 1 FATHER! is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son?
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 'Ask, and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance.'
- 3 Hast thou not said; the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?
- 5 Are not all people, tribes, and tongues,
Under the expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption, given?
- 6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored;
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord!
- 7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou, America, in songs,
Redeeming love proclaim!

199,200 SACRED MELODIES.

199

C. M.

Praise from all nations.

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;

In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land,
Proclaim his grace abroad;

Forever firm his truth shall stand:
Praise ye the faithful God.

200

L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

S A B B A T H S C H O O L S .

201

7s.

Excellence of the Scriptures.

1 HOLY Bible! Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Savior's love;
Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless.

3 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And to warn the sinner's doom:
O! thou holy Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

202

7s.

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

203,204 SACRED MELODIES.

203

C. M.

1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!

As a bright lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;

Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp thro' all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,

Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

204

C. M.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;

May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtues know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;

'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the early tomb.

3 Oh may I feel its saving power,
And find its sweet relief,

To cheer my every gloomy hour,
And calm my every grief.

4 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
 Be joined with holy fear;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.

205

C. M.

1 There is a glorious world of light
 Above the starry sky,
 Where saints departed, clothed in white,
 Adore the God most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
 Those heavenly voices raise,
 Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
 Unite and sing his praise.

3 These are the hymns that we shall know,
 If Jesus we obey;
 That is the place where we shall go,
 If found in wisdom's way.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
 And make our chief concern;
 For this we come, from week to week,
 To read, and hear, and learn.

5 Soon shall we run our earthly race,
 Our mortal frame decay;
 Then may we reach that glorious place,
 And dwell in endless day.

206, 207 SACRED MELODIES.

206

7, 6.

1 It is not earthly pleasure,
That withers in a day;
It is not mortal treasure,
That flieth soon away;
It is not friends that leave us,
It is not sense nor sin,
That smile but to deceive us,
Can give us peace within.

2 But 'tis religion bringeth
Joy beyond earth's control;
Rich from the throne it springeth,
A fountain to the soul;
He that is meek and lowly,
The Savior's face shall see;
To none but to the holy,
Heaven's gates shall opened be.

207

P. M.

1 REMEMBER thy Creator,
While youth's fair spring is bright;
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer;
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth—for 'tis its nature—
And life's last ember burns:
Before with God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear;
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

208

C. M.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 I LOVE the holy Sabbath day,
The calm delight it brings,
When, turning from earth's cares away,
We muse on holy things.
- 2 I love the sound of village bells
Borne on the breeze of morn;
For joyfully their music tells,
Another Sabbath's dawn.
- 3 I love with Christian friends to meet
Where hymns of praise are given,
Where sacred music rises sweet,
An offering unto heaven.
- 4 And may we joyfully arise,
From sin and sorrow free,
To spend a Sabbath in the skies
Eternally with thee.

209, 210 SACRED MELODIES.

209

8s.

1 How sweet is the Sabbath of rest,
Jehovah so kindly has given,
Which he has so graciously blest,
A beautiful emblem of heaven.

2 To school will I joyful repair
To study the truths of God's word,
My teacher I hope to meet there,
O may I there meet with the Lord.

3 'Tis there that I kindly am taught
The way to be holy and good;
And how the dear Savior has bought
My soul with his own precious blood.

4 May God with his grace bless my soul,
His spirit descend from above;
My thoughts and my actions control,
And fill me with joy, peace, and love.

210

7s.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come.
Lord, we would be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noon-day clear;
Banish every doubt and fear,
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor—we would pray.

CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE. 211, 212

3 When our work of life is done,
O receive us to thy home,
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

211 P. M.

1 LOVELY is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Lovely more the morn
Of the Sabbath day;
Then our infant thoughts are full
Of the precious Sabbath school!

2 To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought,
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought;
Gracious news and merciful;
How we love the Sabbath school!

3 Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day;
Peaceful is the night
Of the Sabbath day.
Then our hearts with praise are full
For the precious Sabbath school.

212 7s.

Opening of School.

1 Now at Sabbath school we meet,
Scripture lessons to repeat,
JESUS! in our midst appear,
Give us knowledge, love, and fear.

213 SACRED MELODIES.

2 Whither else should children go?
Thou hast all things to bestow;
Weak and impotent are we—
Suffer us to come to thee.

3 When our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And to heaven our spirits soar,
Bid us golden harps receive,
And a crown of glory give.

213

L. M.

Close of School.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that wicked children say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With things of Christ, and truth divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE. 214, 215

214

S. M.

Seeking Divine Guidance.

1 From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!

4 Oh let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

215

C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, condescend
To hear our feeble prayer,
To be our guide, protector, friend,
And keep us in thy care.

2 Our God and Savior, teach us how
Thy will and truth to find;
And may the Holy Spirit now
Enlighten every mind.

- 3 May we regard each solemn truth,
That's found on every page;
And may it guide us in our youth,
In middle life and age.
- 4 And while we here on earth remain,
Impart to us thy love;
And may we live so as to gain
Thy blessing from above.
- 5 So when the hour of death shall come,
And life's last breath is given,
We then may find a happy home,—
A home above—in heaven.

216

C. M.

- 1 Soon as I heard my Father say,
'Ye children seek my grace;'
My heart replied, without delay,
'I'll seek my Father's face.'
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my soul, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.
- 3 If friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE. 217, 218

217

8, 7, 4.

- 1 SAVIOR! see us lowly bending
Low before thy mercy-seat;
Let our cry, to thee ascending,
Be received as incense sweet;
Hear us, Savior,
Humbly waiting at thy feet.
- 2 Kind Redeemer, now forgive us;
Cleanse our hearts from every stain;
From our load of guilt relieve us,
May we never sin again;
Jesus, help us:
May the power of sin be slain.
- 3 We will love our glorious Savior,
Strive to please him day by day;
Never by our wrong behavior
Grieve him from our hearts away;
May we never
Grieve him from our hearts away.

218

S. M.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
O make me learn while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And make me wholly thine.

219 SACRED MELODIES.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 Oh! let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
Come, Savior, dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

219 L. M.

The Children's Friend.

1 GREAT God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
So young a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little child can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

220

C. M.

SCHOLARS.

- 1 THOU Guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend;
We offer songs of grateful praise
To thee, 'the Children's Friend.'
- 2 From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend;
LORD, save our souls from sin and wo;
Be thou 'the Children's Friend.'
- 3 Teach us to prize thy holy Word,
And to its truths attend;
That we may learn to fear the LORD,
And love 'the Children's Friend.'

SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS.

- 4 May all our hopes be fixed on high;
And when our lives shall end,
Then we may live above the sky
With CHRIST, 'the Sinner's Friend.'

221

S. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! hear
The notes thy children raise;
To our request bow down thine ear,
And hearken to our praise.
- 2 Within our minds the seed
Of sacred truth is sown;
But, Lord, the blessing that we need
Must come from thee alone.

3 That seed will buried lie
 Till thou the increase give,
 Yet then, although we seem to die,
 It shall revive and live.

4 Thou dost the seed prepare,
 And make it spring when sown,
 And if a hundred fold it bear,
 The praise is all thy own.

222 C. M.

Gratitude.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 To taste those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise:
 But oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

223

S. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through all creation's frame.
- 2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
Her great Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days;
And oft to God, my soul ascend,
In grateful songs of praise.

224

C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to see the glowing sun
Light up the deep blue sky,
Along the pleasant fields to run,
And hear the brook flow by.
- 2 How fresh and green the trees appear;
What blooming flowers I find!
Oh, surely God has sent them here
To tell us he is kind.

225 SACRED MELODIES.

3 The beasts that on the herbage feed
Thank him in different ways;
And little birds upon the boughs
Sing sweetly to his praise.

4 Shall I alone forget to thank
The God who made us all?
O no, I'll humbly kneel to him,
And on my Maker call.

225

C. M.

God sees me.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.]

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

226

S. M.

Death of a Scholar.

- 1 The lilies of the field
That quickly fade away,
May well to us a lesson yield,
For we are frail as they.
- 2 Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom:
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.
- 3 Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them both away.
- 4 To God, who made them all,
Let children humbly cry;
And then, whenever death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

227

7, 6.

- 1 O what is earthly pleasure,
Compared with thy rich grace;
Lord, teach me how to measure
The remnant of my days.
How brief is my existence,
How frail a thing is man;
And grant me thine assistance,
This feeble life to scan.

2 Earth's treasures quickly leave us,
Its honors ne'er endure;
Its pleasures but deceive us,
Its hopes are insecure:
But Lord, while time so fleeting
Is filled with many a snare,
My soul on thee is waiting—
I'll trust thy guardian care.

228

8, 7.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze;
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low,
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our song shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us.
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is o'er,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is known.

229

S. M.

Self Dedication.

- 1 LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.
- 2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Savior's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.
- 3 Among thy little flock
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock.
And pastures green prepare.
- 4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring thy salvation near.

230

Ss.

- 1 O JESUS, delight of my soul,
My Savior, my Shepherd divine;
I yield to thy blessed control;
My body and spirit are thine.
Thy love I can never deserve
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

2 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away;
O call me thy own little child.
And art thou my father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love,
That I never from thee shall depart.

231

7s.

A little Child's Petition.

1 JESUS, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay;
Thou, who art so meek and mild,
Stoop, and teach me what to say.

2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view, with smiling face,
Little children, when they cry,
'Savior! guide us by thy grace.'

3 Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.

4 Jesus, all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart,
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.

232

C. M.

Children's Evening Hymn.

- 1 Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.
- 2 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
O smile upon this little band,
Unite our hearts in love.
- 3 We come to own the power divine,
That watches o'er our days;
For this our feeble voices join,
To God we give the praise.
- 4 May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
For, Lord, the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

233

5s.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy,
On earth be the same;
O give to us daily,
Our portion of bread,
It is from thy bounty,
That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
 And teach us to know
 That humble compassion,
 That pardons each foe!
 Keep us from temptation,
 From weakness and sin;
 And thine be the glory,
 Forever, Amen!

234 7, 6.

Praise to Jehovah.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below;
 Praise the holy God of love,
 And all his greatness show:
 Praise him for his noble deeds,
 Praise him for his matchless power,
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let heaven and earth adore.

2 Praise him with the trumpet's sound,
 The Lord of hosts proclaim;
 Publish unto all around
 The great Immanuel's name:
 Praise him every tuneful string,
 All the reach of heavenly art,
 All the powers of music bring,
 The music of the heart.

235

7s.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
Let his praises fill the sky;
Let his name on earth be known,
Everlasting is his throne.

2 He the heaven of heavens has made,
Earth's foundations has he laid;
All his works and precepts prove
That he is a God of love.

3 Let us then our voices raise,
Sing aloud his holy praise!
While we live, and when we die,
Glory give to God on high.

236

L. M.

{ Sabbath School Anniversary.

1 WE praise thee Lord, for that great love
Which brought the Savior from above;
We thank thee for thy sacred word
Our eyes have seen, our ears have heard.

2 We praise thee for this happy day,
That we have met to praise and pray
To day and all our future days,
O hear our prayers, accept our praise.

3 Our Father wilt thou ever be,
And may we love and worship thee;
And when we die, oh may we stand
In Christ our Lord, at thy right hand.

237

H. M.

1 COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise.
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:
To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

3 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

4 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success!
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name confess!
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee,
We'll praise throughout eternity.

238

L. M.

1 ACCEPT our thanks, O God of truth!
Spared this returning day to see;
Still bless the guardian friends of youth,
Engaged to bring them up for Thee.

2 Oft have we felt thy presence here,
And seen the tokens of thy love;
As in times past, again appear;
Our cherished work increase, approve.

3 Smile on our union—be the same
Our toils, our prospects and our end;
One hope, one heaven; our only aim,
The Savior's kingdom to extend.

239

L. M.

Juvenile Missionary Society.

1 God of the nations, bow thine ear,
And listen to our feeble prayer;
Build up the kingdom of his grace
Amid the millions of our race.

2 Send forth the heralds in his name,
Bid them a Savior's love proclaim
Till every land shall hear the sound,
And send the joyful echoes round.

3 Let heathen children rise and bring
Their offerings to th' Almighty King,
Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore.

240 SACRED MELODIES.

4 The dying millions then shall prove
The matchless power of bleeding love,
Shall join the convert's joyful throng,
And raise on high redemption's song.

240 L. M.

Fourth of July.

- 1 Lord! 'tis to thee our thoughts ascend,
To thee united hearts we raise,
The God of nations, and the friend
Of them, who love to speak thy praise.
- 2 'Twas not our fathers' might, whence
came
The precious boon we cherish now;
They toiled, but conquered in thy name—
Before that name we humbly bow.
- 3 Almighty Friend! our trust, our all!
Our only hope cast not away;
With new desires to wait thy call,
Anew we pledge our faith to-day.
- 4 Religion shall our thoughts employ
In youth and age, with heart and tongue,
To find in thee increasing joy
When truth is taught, or praise is sung.
- 5 Now let thy choicest gifts descend;
With freedom grant a higher good,
Bless scholar, teacher, parent, friend;
Guide all our tho'ts to heaven and God.

241

H. M.

1 Our Father in the heaven,
We render up to thee
The homage of our hearts,
For thou hast made us free;
Our youthful voices we will raise,
And swell to thee a song of praise.

2 For the benignant light
Of thy most holy word,
And for our Sabbath school,
We bless thee, O our God,
And on our country's freedom day,
To thee our thanks we humbly pray.

3 Oh! visit all the earth
With light and liberty;
Give to the nations peace,
And let the oppressed go free;
That all may raise, in loud accord,
High hallelujahs to the Lord.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world combine
To praise thy glorious name,
Till thou shalt raise them all above
Where all is praise, and all is love.,

242,243 SACRED MELODIES.

242

C. M.

The Savior's regard for Youth.

- 1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!
- 2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.'
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

243

C. M.

- 1 LORD, when thou didst sojourn below,
Fond mothers then drew near,
And thou thy blessing didst bestow,
Upon their offspring dear.
- 2 Though now exalted thou dost reign,
A Prince and Savior too;
Thy word of promise shall remain,
From age to ages true.
- 3 Sin spreads a thousand snares around,
It links in all their joys;
They tread on that enchanted ground,
Where death unseen destroys.

4 Dear Lord, prepare them to come in
By thy convincing grace,
Lest they should fall a prey to sin,
And never see thy face.

244

S. M.

Prayer for Children.

1 COME to the throne of grace,
Our great High Priest is there;
Come, venture to that holy place,
Beneath his guardian care.

2 Come to the throne of grace,
Where Jesus kindly pleads;
Ours cannot be a desperate case,
While Jesus intercedes.

3 Come to the throne of grace—
The centre of his love;
Where sweet attractions never cease
To draw our hearts above.

4 Come to the throne of grace,
With all your wants and fears;
The Savior's hand shall kindly chase
Away the bitterest tears.

5 Come to the throne of grace,
There shall our spirits soar;
There we will pray, and never cease,
Till time shall be no more.

245, 246 SACRED MELODIES:

245

L. M.

- 1 GREAT Savior! who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 While in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their guardian, thou their guide;
That they, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.
- 3 To read thy word their hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart:
Oh Savior! let their all be thine!
Take full possession of each heart.

246

C. M.

- 1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root,
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

4 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'nt deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

5 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

247 C. M.

Pleasure of Instruction.

1 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In brighter worlds above.

2 Great is the Lord—his power unknown,
Oh let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Parents to sons shall tell thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

248, 249 SACRED MELODIES.

248

C. M.

- 1 BE ours the bliss, in wisdom's way,
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

249

8, 7.

Faith and Hope.

- 1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Soon shall see his toil succeed:
- 2 Showers of rain will fall from heaven,
Then the cheering sun will shine,
So shall plenteous fruit be given,
Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let not fear thy mind employ;
Though the prospect be most dreary,
Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy:

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
 See the rising grain appear;
 Look again! the fields are whitening,
 Harvest time is surely near.

250

S. M.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 The good, the fruitful ground,
 Expect not here nor there;
 O'er hill and dale by spots 'tis found;
 Go forth then everywhere.

3 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
 Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For garnerers in the sky.

5 Thence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God is come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry—'harvest home!'

OCCASIONAL.

251 7, 6.

Temperance.

1 How long shall virtue languish,
How long shall folly reign,
While many a heart with anguish
Is weeping o'er the plain?
How long shall dissipation
Her deadly waters pour
Throughout this favored nation
Her millions to devour?

2 When shall the veil of blindness
Fall from the shrine of wealth,
Restoring human kindness,
And industry, and health?
When shall the charms so luring
Of bad example cease,
The end at once securing
Of temperance and peace?

3 We hail with joy unceasing
The band whose pledge is given,
Whose numbers are increasing
Amid the smiles of heaven.
Their virtues, never failing,
Shall lead to brighter days,
Where holiness, prevailing,
Shall fill the earth with praise.

252

8, 6.

The Pledge.

- 1 AWAKE! awake! and take the pledge,
Without a fear or doubt!
'Twill weave around your heart a hedge,
To keep the evil out;
'Twill wake a thrill of heavenly joy
In her who weeps at home;
And laughing girl and prattling boy
Will smile to see you come.

- 2 O take the pledge, and break the cup
That poisons all the land!
'Twill sweetly come and raise you up,
Where Honor waves her hand;
'Twill wipe contempt and scorn away,
Which all that knew ye bore,
Till ye become beloved as they,
And ye are brutes no more.

- 3 O take the pledge, both old and young,
The resolution seal!
It would require an angel's tongue
To tell the joy ye'll feel.
Your heart will then the deed approve,
Though groveling sense should frown;
And God himself would bend in love,
And send a blessing down.

253, 254 SACRED MELODIES.

253

7, 6.

The Mariner's Hope.

- 1 Tho' hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar;
Full swiftly we are going
To our dear native shore.
- 2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us
To all we loved so well.
- 3 So sorrow often presses
Life's Mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses,
Are gales and billows strong.
- 4 The sharper and severer
The storm of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is Heaven's eternal seat.
- 5 Come, then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast;
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.

254

L. M.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, 'Peace, be still!'

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Tho' tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Savior through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shattered bark again.

255**C. M.***General Fast.*

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas, are truths divine,
 For error, guilt and shame;
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name!

4 Oh turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By thy resistless grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear;
 Secure of never failing aid,
 When God, our God is near.

256

C. M.

Thanksgiving.

1 OUR land, O Lord, with songs of praise,
 Shall in thy strength rejoice,
 And, blessed with salvation, raise
 To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, thro' nations round,
 Has spread our wondrous name,
 And our successful actions crowned
 With dignity and fame.

3 When thou against them dost engage,
 Thy just, but dreadful doom
 Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
 Their hopes and them consume.

4 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare
 And thus exalt thy fame;
 While we glad songs of praise prepare
 For thine almighty name. 188

257

C. M.

Safety in God.

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too:
God is my Strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 So shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.
- 6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

258

6s.

Emancipation.

- 1 God of the helpless! Friend
Of those who bleed in woe!
To thee, to thee we send
Our supplication now.
- 2 Hear from thy throne on high—
Oh! hear and send relief;
Look with propitious eye
Upon the black man's grief.
- 3 For him, for him we pray,
And thy good will bespeak;
Oh! let a happier day
Upon his eyelids break.
- 4 Let light and love abound;
Let all their duty see:
And haste, with joy profound,
The day of jubilee.

259

7s.

Pleading for Liberty.

- 1 HOLY Father, God of Love!
Send thy Spirit from above;
Help us all thy name to sing,
God of mercy, Heavenly King!
- 2 For the burdened slave would we
Ask the gifts of liberty;
For the weary and oppressed,
We would ask thy peace and rest.

3 In thy gracious love arise,
See his burdens, hear his cries;
Rend his fetters, set him free,
Slave no longer let him be.

4 Then his thankful voice shall raise
Songs to thee of grateful praise;
Grace, free grace, shall be his theme,
Thou shalt be his Lord Supreme.

260

S. M.

The Prayer of Faith.

1 THE Lord, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.

4 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

261,262 SACRED MELODIES.

261

7, 5.

Appeal to Freemen.

1 YE, who liberty revere!
More than all things hold it dear,
Ye, who boast with hearty cheer,
Free and equal laws!
In the name of men oppressed,
In the name of souls distressed,
We demand their wrongs redressed—
Who shall aid our cause?

2 By oppressions, woes, and pains,—
By our brethren's servile chains,—
Will we, while our life remains,
War with slavery:
Yet no battle's storm shall lower,
Truth shall claim the day and hour,
And Religion's holy power
Gain the victory.

262

C. M.

The Feeling Heart.

1 BLEST is the man, whose heart expands,
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.
2 Blest is the man whose tender heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.

3 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads ;
Oh! may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes.

4 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design :
The honors of thy name be spread,
And be the glory thine.

263**C. M.***The Helping Hand.*

1 HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.

3 In times of wide and sore distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

4 His works of pity, truth, and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

264, 265 SACRED MELODIES.

264

6, 4.

All shall be free.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as the mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
See Jehovah's banners furled! [done,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

2 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

265

C. M.

1 THE race, that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.

2 To hail the rising Sun of life,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
Their harvest-treasures home.

266

6, 4.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—

Of thee I sing:

Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee—
Land of the noble free—

Thy name I love:

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees

Sweet freedom's song:

Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee—
Author of liberty!

To thee we sing:

Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light—
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

VI. DEATH AND ETERNITY.

267

8, 7.

The Voice of Autumn.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound!—
- 2 ‘ Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let no cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.’
- 4 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stayed!
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

268

7, 6.

Flight of Time.

- 1 As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
196.

So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave—
And death is just before us:—
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, gay one, is thy treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll;
And thou lament forever,
The ruin of thy soul.

269

C. M.

Close of the Year.

1 BEHOLD, my soul, the narrow bound
That marks the passing year!
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey. 197

- 3 Yet, like an idle tale we pass
The swiftly gliding year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Awake, O God! each trifling heart
Its great concern to see,
That all may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear the willing soul
To joy which never dies.

270

L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God, I bless thy name,
The same thy power, thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy friendly care
Begin, and close, and crown the year.
- 2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amid ten thousand deaths I stand,
And see when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thine arm hath led me on,
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful voice on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

271

7s.

New Year.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait;
 But how little none can know.

2 Spared to see another year,
 Let thy blessing meet us here;
 Come, thy dying work revive,
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive;
 Sun of righteousness, arise! .
 Warm our hearts and bless our eyes:
 Let our prayer thy pity move;
 Make this year a time of love.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view;
 Bless thy word to old and young,
 Fill us with a Savior's love;
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with thee above.

272

L. M.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
 By which, supported still, we stand:
 The opening year thy mercy shows;
 Let mercy crown it till it close. 199

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

4 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

273

7s.

1 SEE! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons past!
This we enter now upon,
May to many prove their last:
Mercy hitherto has spared,
But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, Am I prepared,
Should I be this year removed?

2 Some ye now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run;
Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun;
Some, but who no mortal knows,
Who are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

3 If from guilt and sin set free,
 By the knowledge of thy grace;
 Welcome, then, the call will be,
 To depart and see thy face;
 To thy saints, while here below,
 With new years, new mercies come;
 But the happiest year they kuow,
 Is their last which leads them home.

274

P. M.

1 COME, let us anew,
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still
 Till our Master appear!
 Our life as a dream,
 Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment
 Refuses to stay.

2 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 'I have fought my way through,
 I have finished the work
 Thou didst give me to do!'
 O that each from his Lord,
 May receive the glad word,
 'Well and faithfully done!
 Enter into my joy,
 And sit down on my throne.'

275, 276 SACRED MELODIES.

275

C. M.

Death-bed Meditation.

- 1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 Christ my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 This lively hope we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

276

11s.

- 1 WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way:
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough
for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by
sin—

Temptation without, and corruption
within:

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,

And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-
tent tears.

3 I would not live alway: no—welcome
the tomb:

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not
its gloom.

There sweet be my rest till he bid me
arise

To hail him in triumph descending the
skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from
his God—

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode
Where the rivers of pleasure flow bright
o'er the plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,

Their Savior and brethren transported to
greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul?

277, 278 SACRED MELODIES.

277

C. M.

Dying Consolation.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to soar away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the throne
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust thy truth divine;
Sweet to lie passive in thy hands,
And have no will but thine.
- 4 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What will that fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
From thee, my God, from thee!

278

C. M.

A Voice from the Dead.

- 1 HARK! from the tombs a solemn sound!
Mine ears attend the cry—
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?

And are we still secure?

Still walking downward to the tomb,

And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace

To fit our souls to fly;

Then, when we drop this dying flesh,

We'll rise above the sky.

279

7s.

The Dying Christian.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!

Quit, O quit this mortal frame:

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—

O! the pain, the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,

And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,

‘Sister spirit, come away:’

What is this absorbs me quite,

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?

Tell me, my soul, can this be death!

3 The world recedes, it disappears!

Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring!

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

‘O grave! where is thy victory!’

O death! where is thy sting!’

280, 281 SACRED MELODIES.

280

8, 7.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Savior stands above,
Shows the glory of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

281

L. M.

1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest:
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
O grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting!

282

C. M.

Death of the Righteous improved.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the Savior's body lay,
And left a sweet perfume.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?
- 4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

283

S. M.

- 1 OH for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies, in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

284

C. M.

1 WHY should this earth delight us so ?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows
And every pleasure dies ? [grow,

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

3 Nature shall be dissolved, and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea forever fly
Before my Savior's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise,
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies
From underneath the ground!

285

L. M.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

3 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

286

S, 7.

1 O YE mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While in darkness ye are straying,
Lonely in the deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

287

6, 5.

Death.

1 FAR, far o'er hill and dale,
On the winds stealing,
List to the tolling bell,
Mournfully pealing:
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
As melt those sounds away,
So life's best joys decay,
Whilst new their feeling.

2 Now through the charmed air,
Slowly ascending:
List to the mourner's prayer,
Solemnly bending:
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
Turn from those joys away
To those which ne'er decay,
For life is ending.

3 So when our mortal ties,
Death shall dis sever,
Lord, may we reach the skies,
Where care comes never;
And in eternal day,
Joining the angel's lay,
To our Creator pay
Homage forever.

288

C. M.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven
proclaims

For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

289

8, 7, 4.

Judgment.

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!

Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!

Hallelujah!

Jesus comes—and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!

Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,

Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day—
 “Come to judgment!—
 Come to judgment!—come away.”

4 Yea, amen!—let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Savior take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
 Oh come quickly,
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

290 C. M.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, upon his throne,
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.

3 Veiled in a cloud, our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way;
 Thunder and lightning, fire and storm
 Lead on the dreadful day.

3 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,
 And earth and hell shall know and fear
 His justice and their doom.

4 'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
'That made their peace with God
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with his blood.

5 Their faith and works, brought forth
to light,
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace.'

291

7s.

Appeals from Eternity.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When, the death-shades o'er thee spread,
Thou hast finished earth's career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might;
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh where wilt thou appear?

4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Savior fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

292

C. P. M.

1 WHEN thou my righteous Judge shalt
come

To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall
sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

293

C. M.

Heavenly Canaan.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O! the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There, God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

294

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

295 SACRED MELODIES.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes;

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood
Should fright us from the shore.

295

C. M.

Heavenly Home.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end.
In joy and peace in thee?

2 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end!

3 Oh happier bowers, than Eden's, bloom,
No sin nor sorrow know!
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

296

S. M.

- 1 O ISRAEL ! trust his word,
Whose love still yearns for thee;
His promise is, that Canaan's land
Shall thy possession be.
- 2 Though we have journeyed long,
In bondage and in fear,
And oft in secret silence shed,
The penitential tear;
- 3 Let every heart rejoice,
God will deliverance bring,—
The captive shall exult in hope,
And of salvation sing.
- 4 Let us our vows renew,
And onward urge our way,—
How speeds the night of darkness now,
Before the dawning day!

297, 298 SACRED MELODIES.

297

S. M.

1 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

2 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.

3 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

298

C. M.

Heaven.

1 Not eye hath seen, not ear hath heard
Not sense or reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest!

299 8, 6.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;—
'Tis found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

300, 301 SACRED MELODIES.

VII. MISCELLANY.

300

L.M.

Dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
And that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

301

S. M.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
Oh! bless the Savior's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

3 Now, Lord! before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Thine endless praise proclaim,

302

8, 7, 4.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
 Let us, each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 Oh refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound!
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found!

303

L. M.

River of Life.

THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God;
 Life, love and joy still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controls;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

304

C. M.

Expectation.

How long, dear Savior, oh how long
 Shall that bright hour delay;
 Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

305—307 SACRED MELODIES.

305

C. M.

Future Blessedness.

WHEN we've been there ten thousand
Bright shining as the sun; [years,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore;
'Tis there we'll meet
At Jesus' feet,
When we meet to part no more.

306

L. M.

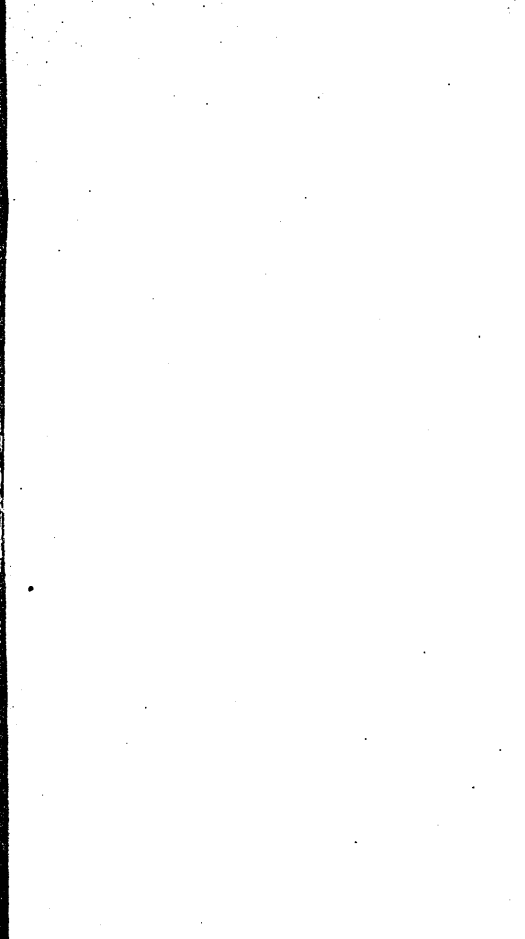
OH glorious hour, oh blest abode,
There I shall be with and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

307

6, 5.

Divine Protection.

THE Lord is our Shepherd,
Our guardian and guide;
Whatever we want
He will kindly provide:
To the sheep of his pasture
His mercies abound;
His care and protection
His flock will surround.



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Paul Kauter
4216 Park
Mpls Minn